

# THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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## THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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[For the Vermont Transcript.]

THREE DASH DAYS.

BY S. B. A. W.

The smile of Autumn on the hills

In golden radiance lay,

And all the running brooks and rills,

Sung sweet songs that day.

When softly from our shadowed home,

Our soldier went away.

The hills of Hagerstown were flushed

With glory from afar,

The summer evening calm and hushed,

Welcomed the coming star.

They led him from the battle-field,

A prisoner of war.

When footsteps of the winter lay

On Richmond's living tomb,

God led him to the realm of day,

From suffering and gloom.

Upon his face his righteous lips

Shall speak a righteous doom.

PUMPKIN PIES.

BY A. W. W.

Let some fair hand of spicy mince,

Be not a day for such do;

Or largely talk of sweetened quince,

Or as lace-grapes of Linty,

Thine doubly dipped in Tyrian dye—

Thine then is useless, all as fine,

Compared with one good pumpkin pie.

I know our pumpkin do not claim

The honors of foreign soil;

The honest growth of ripened grain,

And surely they are not to blame,

Though rarely met by the boardman's toll,

Inclines whose man, to burden tame,

Unpaid, content to lug and haul.

Talk not of vineyards breaking down,

And beds that drop with old seed wine;

When burning suns with ripeness crown,

The sweetest man's best manhood down,

By his pie's scorn drive.

I have had them all—don't frown—

The product of my pumpkin vine.

See on yon moon-encircled gold,

My chosen fruit, like globes of light,

Leaving in the twilight's light,

As to a wind-swept night!

And you to house them from the cold,

Shall freeze with strong hands unite—

Pudding and with frosting fair.

And then the girls, who make our pies,

Be not all other maidens quaint;

Their hands are quick, and their eyes clear,

And their cheeks are like the morning dew.

Their lips are like the rose of June,

And their hearts are like the love of June.

Make not the hearts that love the price

Of all this loveliness divine.

Vermont! thou art a glorious State,

Though small in acres and in size;

But to be length that makes one great,

Not breadth that gives a nation state.

See mountains and the mountain air,

Have raised a noble race of men,

And women, fairest of the fair.

Their labors and their love to share.

Where shall I see thy like again?

I love them all, which most, I don't advise,

Thy mountains, maidens, or thy pumpkin pie.

Two Lives in One.

More than fifty years ago my brother

Stephen and I lived together in a

large house on the south of Lon-

don, where he was in practice as a sur-

geon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eight-

een. We had no relatives but a sis-

ter five or six years older than my-

self, and well married in London.

Stephen was a solitary and studious

man, living somewhat apart from his

neighbors, and standing almost in a

superior position towards me. Through-

out the years we had lived together no

one had thought of his marrying.

It was when the events I have to

begin. The house next to ours

was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble

looking man, rather past middle age,

with one daughter, Marion by name.

How shall I describe her, the most

beautiful creature I ever saw? She

was only too true. She had some

dreadful complaint—an aneurism, I think

it was—which must carry her off in the

flower of her days. Stephen told me

that he had consulted the most emi-

nent doctors without getting any hope;

and the emotion, rare enough in him,

that he displayed, told me he loved

Marion. I said no word to him about

it, I knew better; but I saw with

what dreadful doubt he was perplexed.

Excitement might shorten Marion's

life—such an excitement as a declara-

tion of love from him might be of ma-

terial injury; and even if it did not

prove so, how could he condemn him-

self to the prolonged torture of seeing

the life of a beloved wife ebb away day

by day? Besides, he did not think

she cared for him. I, who had

watched her ceaselessly, knew that

she loved him with her whole heart.

He struggled with himself fiercely;

but he won the fight. He left home

for some weeks and returned, looking

older and paler; but he had learned

to mention her name without his voice

quivering, and to touch her hand with-

out holding his breath hard. She

was pining away under the influence

of his changed manner, and I dared

not help my two darlings to be happy.

An unexpected end soon came. Mr.

Cameron, who was in bad health when

we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor

Marion's grief was terrible to see.

Her father was dead; Stephen, as she

thought, estranged; and there was no

one else, who cared whether she lived

or died, except myself. I brought

her home with me, and was with her

hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral.

How we got through that time I hard-

ly know. Then came the necessary in-

quiry into his affairs. He had died

not altogether poor, but in reduced

circumstances, leaving Marion an an-

nuity that would scarcely give her the

luxuries her state of health required.

And where was she to live and what

to do? Stephen was the soul execu-

tor, the one adviser to whom she

could look. He took two days and

nights to consider, and then offered her

his hand and home. At first she

could not believe that his offer arose

from anything but pity and compas-

sion; but when he had told her the

story of the last few months, and

called me to bear witness to it, a great

light seemed to come into her eyes,

and a wonderful glow of love, such as

I had never seen, over her face. I

left them to themselves that evening.

Stephen tapped at the door of my

room and told me all—nothing, in

fact but what I knew long before. In

their case there was little cause for

delay. Truismen were not the im-

portant matters in my day that they

are in my grandchildren's, and Marion

was married to Stephen, in her black

gown, within a month of her father's

funeral.

The next few months were a happy

time for all of us. Marion's health

improved greatly. The worried, fright-

ened look she used to wear left her

face as she recovered from the depres-

sion caused by her constant anxiety

about her father, and the loss of rest

she suffered in attending upon him at

night. It seemed as if she was en-

tirely recovering; and Stephen, if he

did not lose his fears, at least was not

constantly occupied with them. How

happily we used to look forward to

the future, for Stephen was beginning

to save money; and how many were

our day-dreams about professional

eminence for him, and fashionable

life in London, partly for Marion, but

mostly for me. I have tried fash-

ionable life in London since, but I never

found it so happy as our days in that

dear old Surrey village.

Well, our happy time did not last

long. Marion caught a cough and

soon as the winter came on, and was

soon so ill as to be taken to London

for advice. Stephen came back alone,

with a weary, deathly looking face.

Marion had broken a small blood ves-

sel on the journey—not anything se-

rious in itself, but ominous enough.

They were to go at once to a warm

climate—not a day to be lost. Sor-

rowfully I packed up the necessary

things, and went with Stephen to Lon-

don the next day to say good-bye to

Marion, who had been forbidden to go

home. The same afternoon they were

on board a trading vessel bound to

Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a

good sailor and well used to ships, for

she had made more than one voyage

to Madeira with her father. Much as

I wished to go with them, and much

as they wished it too, was out of the

question. Stephen had saved but lit-

tle money, and could hardly see how

he and Marion were to live, unless he

could make himself a practice some-

where among the English abroad, and

his taking me also was not to be

thought of. I was to live for the pre-

sent with my married sister. It was

very sore to part with Stephen, with

whom I had lived all my life; it was

almost sorer still to part with Marion,

who had been more than a sister to

me ever since I saw her. Stephen

and I were nearly overcome with emo-

tions; but she was calm and silent,

with an intent, with an intent, with

look about her lovely face that has

haunted me all my life since. I can

see, if now when I shut my eyes, though

it is fifty years ago. Need I say that

I never saw her again?

I went to my sister's house, and be-

gan the fashionable life I used to

work for. It was not all that I pic-

tured it, though it was pleasant enough

to occupy me in the daytime; but at

night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope,

and talked of returning after spend-

ing two years in Italy. Marion, too,

wrote favorably of herself, and my

anxiety began to lessen. There was

another reason for this at the same

time—my late husband, the friend and

partner of my sister's husband, was

at that time beginning to pay his ad-

dress to me; and the tender troubles

of my own case made me careless of

others. Summer came round again;

and one day as I was half wishing for

my country home again, a letter ar-

rived from Stephen. Marion's com-

plaint was at a crisis, and a great

change would take place, one way or

the other, in a few days. I was to go

home, put the place in order to re-

ceive them. I did not know till after-

wards that Marion had begged to be

allowed to die at home, if the change

were for the worse, if it had been for

the better, there would have been no

reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged every-

thing, and waited for them. Three

weeks passed (the usual interval) and

no letter; a month, and I supposed

they were travelling slowly to avoid

fatigue. On the day five weeks after

I had received the last letter I was sit-

ting alone, rather late in the evening,

when a quick step sounded in the road

outside, and Stephen came to the gate

and opened it, entered the house and

sat down in silence. He was dressed

as usual, and looked tired and travel-

stained; but there was no sorrow in

his face, and I felt sure that Marion

must be safe. I asked him where she

was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I

asked.

"She is dead," he answered without

a shadow of emotion.

"How? Where?" I was begin-

ning to question him, but he stopped

me.

"Give me something to eat and

drink," he said. "I have walked from

London and I want to sleep."